

THE
Lexington Intelligencer

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

Issued weekly on Fridays. Subscription \$1.00 per year to subscribers in Lafayette County; \$1.50 per year outside of Lafayette County.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice in Lexington, Missouri.

All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

Farmers' Week will be January 15-19, 1923, at the Missouri College of Agriculture.

It is estimated that 5,670,000,000 gallons of gasoline will have to be produced to supply fuel for internal combustion motors in 1923.

Unselfish service is one of the highest products of civilization. This service is found in the activities of the RED CROSS. Annual roll call Nov. 11 to 30th.

Truman H. Newberry of Michigan, has resigned from the U. S. Senate. Newberry was elected in November 1918, defeating Henry Ford, the Democratic nominee.

The last official act of Judge Samuel Davis was to parole Sam Puckett, who was convicted by a jury for possessing a "still" and sentenced to pay a fine of \$150.00 and to serve six months in jail.

THE W. M. A.-KEMPER GAME SHOULD BE A REAL STRUGGLE

Dope Favors K. M. S. As Annual Battle Approaches.

From The W. M. A. Trumpeter.
Next Thursday Wentworth will meet an ancient and honored rival, Kemper Military School, in their annual Turkey Day game and from all indications it is going to be some battle. This game is called by many "The Prep School Classic of the Middle West," and perhaps justly so, for nowhere else in this section of the country is there a more thrilling and colorful contest than the one between these rival military schools of Missouri. The fact that both battalions with their excellent bands are always present at the games lends a military dash and color that enhances the attraction of the day. And then the football game itself is always worth while. Wentworth and Kemper always fight each other hard. That is a long-standing tradition. There are always thrills and spectacular movements that do justice to a big university game.

This year the usual crowd of visitors will be on hand, and in addition a large crowd of former Wentworth cadets, who will be back for the "homecoming."

As far as old man "Dope" is concerned, he gives Kemper the edge. But, then, Kaiser Bill had it doped out that he would be Emperor of the World, but it's history that he ain't. There is nothing more uncertain than "dope." But, on paper, Kemper really seems to have a big advantage. For instance, W. M. A. and Chillicothe

played a scoreless tie. K. M. S. conquered the Ducks 21 to 0. Wentworth won over M. M. A. 14 to 0. Kemper handed them a 90 to 0 defeat. But Wentworthians should take heart when they remember that against C. B. C. several of the most valuable Red and White warriors were on the sidelines with injuries, and also when M. M. A. was swamped by Kemper several of the Mexico players were out but they were all in against Wentworth. That should even matters up.

But at that, W. M. A. rooters are not kidding themselves in to believing that K. M. S. will be easy pickings. Kemper will outweigh Wentworth. And they really have a better record this year. But the team and the whole school are going into that game with an old fighting spirit that has never been surpassed. They realize what a task is before them and with grim, bull-dog determination they are going out and overcome all obstacles by sheer grit and fight. The Wentworth Spirit will have to be reckoned with on that day. And the warriors of the Red and White will not flinch from the Kemperites!

Therefore, it is safe to predict that it will be some struggle on Thanksgiving Day.

For it all amounts to this. Neither Wentworth's nor Kemper's goal has been crossed this year in a conference game. Whichever wins that Turkey Day battle will have a clear title. The Conference Championship is at stake!

T. M. Chinn of Mayview, was in Lexington Monday on business.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

"Well! Strong!"
Mrs. Anna Clover, of R. F. D. 5, Winfield, Kans., says: "I began to suffer some months ago with womanly troubles, and I was afraid I was going to get in bed. Each month I suffered with my head, back and sides—a weak, aching, nervous feeling. I began to try medicines as I knew I was getting worse. I did not seem to find the right remedy until someone told me of

CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic
I used two bottles before I could see any great change, but after that it was remarkable how much better I got. I am now well and strong. I can recommend Cardui, for it certainly benefited me.
If you have been experimenting on yourself with all kinds of different remedies, better get back to good, old, reliable Cardui, the medicine for women, about which you have always heard, which has helped many thousands of others, and which should help you, too. Ask your neighbor about it; she has probably used it.
For sale everywhere. E 33

Ma Peabody Takes
a Hand

By CORONA REMINGTON

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Mrs. Hettie Peabody thrust the letter back in her apron pocket and removed her glasses. To a close observer it could be seen by the flush on her cheeks and the nervous twitching of her fingers that she was laboring under unvoiced excitement. At supper that evening her husband and son were knocked speechless by a commonplace remark she made in what she thought was a commonplace tone of voice:

"Thinkin' 'bout goin' down to Newton," she said, gulping half a cup of steaming coffee to hide her confusion.

The molasses jar slipped from Pa Peabody's hand and spilled half its sticky, trickling contents on the red tablecloth before it was rescued.

"Thinkin'—'bout what, Ma?" he asked doubtfully.

"Why not, Pa?" interrupted young Peabody. "Why shouldn't she go? It's only 35 miles and Ma hasn't been that far from home since she was married. I'll bet, and it's only eight miles from here to the beach. I want her to see the ocean. It's great."

Mrs. Peabody cast a grateful glance at her big son and went on with her planning quite naturally.

"Yes, I was thinkin' I'd visit with Betty Compton, the little girl that spent last summer at the Crenshaws'. You remember she was gettin' over a spell of typhoid."

"Visit with her, them millionaire people! Why, she ain't asked you, has she?"

"I reckon I got the letter right in my pocket now, and it's the third she's written askin' me in the last month. She used to come over here most every day when you and Joe was out in the field, and we got to be particular good friends."

"Sure, I remember her. She's a pretty little trick," remarked Joe. "And if she's asked you, ma, I'd just pick up and go. She'll give you a good time."

"I am going," said Mrs. Peabody, her tone now quite confident. "Besides, I got a little business to attend to in town."

That was how it came about that the following Monday the eastbound express stopped at Clearview and picked up a trembling, excited little figure in black and hurried her to the big seacoast town.

"Don't forget to feed the settin' hen in Dolly's stall," she called back as she waved a final good-by to her son.

Settling herself in her seat, a little feeling of panic swept over her and once more she wished that she had not been quite so daring. Supposing Betty should not meet her? Supposing one of those rushing automobiles should knock her down and kill her and go rushing right along? A city was such a wicked place.

But all her anxiety was for nothing, for Betty did meet her, and instead of her being knocked down and run over by an automobile, she went whizzing along the crowded streets in one of the most magnificent, luxuriously upholstered cars that she had ever seen.

"My! Aint this fine?" she sighed, leaning back comfortably. "I never will be able to stand the old buckboard again. Now tell me about your trouble with your bean, honey. I was that upset when I heard it I just made up my mind to come right on to town so's we could talk it over."

"Oh, it's dreadful, Mrs. Peabody. It's all off. That's it."

"You mean you ain't engaged to him no more?"

The girl nodded in answer and tried to check her quivering lip.

"What come 'twixt you, Betty?" she asked, avoiding the young girl's eyes.

"We—we quarreled over a trifle and I got furiously mad and told him I didn't love him any more and threw his ring on the floor and rushed out of the room, but not before I heard him say: 'If that's the way you feel there's nothing to be done—I accept the inevitable.'"

"But you do love him, child, and you know you do."
"It's too late to talk about that," the girl evaded.
"Is he that Henry Winthrop man that's in the marble business you were telling me about last year?"

"Yes, we've been going together ever since I was fifteen."

That was all that was said about the matter then, but the little old lady kept thinking it over. It was a shame for a sweet little thing like Betty to break her own heart, to say nothing of the nice young man's, simply because she was as proud as Lucifer and had a pretty unruly temper.

When she had been in Newton some three or four days Mrs. Peabody decided to go on a shopping expedition all by herself; but she would return in time to have lunch with Betty, she promised. Betty's car was at her disposal, and Mrs. Peabody felt very much like a millionaire herself as she gave her directions to the chauffeur. Reaching the first address, she went into a tall office building and at last gained an audience with the person she wanted to see.

"I'm a friend of yours, Mr. Winthrop," she began hurriedly, "even if you don't know me, and I want you to do something. Your girl's in trouble and she needs help. Will you forget your pride and come with me?"

"Quick; is it serious?" he asked jumping up and starting for his hat. "Can't tell you that; it may be. You can go in the car with me."

Tense and white faced, he followed her out of the building and into the limousine. Not a word was exchanged on the way home. They hurried up the front steps and Mrs. Peabody forced him to wait in the drawing-room a second. She returned almost immediately with Betty by the hand. When they saw each other both nearly collapsed.

"I thought you said there was something the matter with her," the man said at last, regaining himself.

"Here is," said Mrs. Peabody, holding on to the squirming Betty. "She told you a story and it's killing her. She said she didn't love you any more and she owned up to me she did."

Betty wriggled and tried to escape, then turned and buried her face on Mrs. Peabody's shoulder. She beckoned to the man, standing like one frozen in the middle of the floor. A flush overspread his face as he shook his head. Mrs. Peabody gave him one look, the look she used to use on Joe when he tried to disobey her. It worked, and in another second she was slowly pushing Betty into her lover's arms.

"You're two of the headiest children I ever saw, and I've a good mind to spank you both," she said as she left the room.

Two hours later they came out in search of Mrs. Peabody.

"I see now it was all my fault," said Betty. "I can hardly believe I was willing to give up my whole life's happiness for such a little thing."

"It's always a little thing, honey," said Mrs. Peabody. "And now I've tended to my business, I reckon I'd better be gettin' back to pa and Joe and the settin' hens. 'Spect that place is no end of a sight."

"But you will come back for the wedding?" they asked. "You must; we couldn't get married without you."

"If that's how it is, I reckon I'll just have to," she smiled, "since my heart's so plumb set on seein' you two youngsters married."

BEST SELLER'S BRIEF REIGN

Analysis of Most Popular Novel Shows Why the Quality Falls Short of Greatness.

The "best seller" may be great, but does not need to be. It is usually a weak book, no matter how readable, because ordinarily it has only the elements of popularity to go on, and succeeds by their number and timeliness instead of by fineness and truth.

A second rate man can compound a best seller if his sense for the popular is first-rate. In his books the instinctive emotions are excited over a broad area, but rapidly sink again. No better examples can be found than in the sword and buckler romance of our '90s, which set us all for a while thinking feudal thoughts and talking shallow gallantry. Now it is dead, stone dead, not even the movies can revive it. The emotions it aroused went flat over night. Much the same is true of books that trade in prejudice, like the white slave stories of a decade ago.

Thus the profitable ship Popularity can be kept upright for a little voyage with a light ballast of prejudice or sentiment, and this, prevailingly, is all her cargo. But the wise writer, if he is able as Scott and Dickens and Clemens were able, freights her more deeply. As for the good reader, he will go below to inspect before the voyage begins; or, if in mid-career he likes not his carrier, take off in his mental airplane and seek another book.—Henry Seidel Canby in the Century Magazine.

Thought He Couldn't Read.

Sir Arthur Balfour, at a dinner in Washington, praised the American colored people.

"I often judge Americans by the criterion," he said. "If they like colored people, then I know they are likable themselves—and vice versa."

"Once I visited Washington a good many years ago. All the hotel waiters were colored then, and I confess I preferred the quaint colored service to the present sophisticated and elaborate service of the whites."

"The day of my arrival, when my waiter, an old colored man with snowy wool, brought me the menu. I put a coin in his hand and said, 'Just bring me a good dinner, uncle.'"

"He brought me an exquisite dinner, and during my fortnight's stay we followed out this program daily. By pushing aside the menu and handing him the coin, he selected a much better dinner for me than I could have chosen myself."

"The day of my departure, as I took leave of him, he said:

"Good-by, sir, and good luck, and when you or any of your friends what can't read the bill of fare comes to Washington, just ask for old Calhoun Clay."—Everybody's Magazine.

Turn to the Right.

"Here! Now!" yelled Constable Slackpatter of Petunia. "What in torment d'ye mean by addin' and phlannderin' all over the streets with that there automobile the way you've been a doing?"

"This is my first car," answered the offender, "and I haven't more than half learned how to drive it yet. I want to turn around, but there doesn't seem to be room enough in any of the streets here."

"Well, you just drive over to Torpidville, six miles away, circumnavigate the public square there, come back here and you'll be turned around."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. H. H. Fletcher
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

RADIO EQUIPMENT
SANDRING, DeBERRY & BELLAMY
Agents for
Immediately Delivery on
Radio Corporation of America
A. H. Grebe & Co., Colin B. Kennedy & Co., Clapp-Eastham
Westinghouse C. R. Regenerative Receiving
Sets, 2 step Amplifier.
Grebe C. R. Regenerative Sets, 2 step Amp.
ALL KINDS OF PARTS
Quick delivery on all other types
of Receiving or Sending Equip-
ment.
We Guarantee the Best of Results

MORE GOOD NEWS.

BULK CRACKERS 20c per lb. 4 lb. Box 70c	CALIFORNIA WHITE COOKING FIGS 20c per lb.; 2 lbs. for 35c
---	---

The Store That Saves You Money

MONARCH BRAND PORK & BEANS 1 lb. & 2 oz. Size 10c per Can	BULK MINCE MEAT LIBBY BRAND 30c per lb.
--	---

Long and Fizer
'Phone 32. 'Phone 32.

TRADERS BANK
A Bank of Deposit and Discount. Drafts, Domestic and Foreign Letters of Credit, Travelers Checks, and Foreign Exchange on all Countries of the World.
We are endeavoring to do our part toward the Cultivation of Thrift Habits in the Community; we have a Savings Department for wage earners and children. The Landis Christmas Savings Club, \$100 Clubs. We sell Liberty Bonds, Treasury Certificates, and Baby Bonds, and do what we can to help the ambitious to capitalize self denial and economy.
Safe deposit boxes and filing cabinets for the safe keeping of valuable papers of our customers.
We are always pleased to serve.

TRADERS BANK
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

SANITARY BAKERY
Snow Flake Bread, Light Rolls, Cinnamon Rolls, Cookies of all kinds; Honey, Lemon, Ginger and Vanilla Wafers; Almond Macaroons; Pies, including Apple, Mince, Raisin, Raspberry, Peach and Apricot; Devilfood, Angelfood, Orange and White Layer Cake.
Call 399 when in need of any of the above.
A. C. MEIERER'S BAKERY
Phone 399

SPECIAL
RUGS
5 27x54 Axminster
\$2.69
4 27x54 Velvet
\$2.98
McCAUSLANDS